

Unstoked Flames

by typesinsleep

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-21 15:04:34

Updated: 2014-09-05 19:57:24

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:03:39

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,598

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup and Astrid's engagement has been near-perfect until now. When Astrid doubts herself for only a moment, Hiccup realizes the need to remind her why he loves her and has for so long. Post HTTYD2, probably, okay definitely some smut later on just because I like it. Tried to be true to the language of the film, sort of modernized medieval language. let me know what you think

1. Fizzled

Toothless never seemed to tire and Hiccup envied his energy. If only his two greatest passions in life did not both require so much physical exertion. Then again, neither would be quite the same if they didn't. Though he would love Toothless regardless of his physical abilities, there was an unmatched bond between them when they flew together. The exhilaration and adrenaline were worth the exhaustion for the intimate connection they created between him and his dragon. It was entirely worth it, and he normally had a few hours to rest before his other great love would be home to tire him down even more. That would be worth it as well.

After a long day of exploring the surrounding islands Toothless landed less than gingerly in front of the little hut that was more than sufficient for Hiccup and Astrid, and which they hadn't initially planned to use so much until their marriage required consummation, but of course, they didn't really anticipate their resolve would last that long. After three long years of romance and innocent but heated embraces, Hiccup had acquired this place to surprise her with, a gift from Stoick after learning that Hiccup had planned to ask for Astrid as his wife. No sooner was their engagement finalized than Astrid was pulling him into the then-empty bedroom, begging him not to make her wait any longer. Her honor accounted for by their engagement, he had obliged. Since then, they had officially lived at home, but spent nights together here with increasing regularity until finally, they never left. Their marriage bed was already made, and any concerns for propriety had long since been

lost.

It was customary for Astrid to be out much later than Hiccup, but this time when he dismounted and led Toothless to the stables, Stormfly was anxiously waiting for her friend there already. Excited to see Toothless, she stalked over and made a noise. Hiccup rubbed her nose, affectionately, but wondered why she was home.

He nudged away from the dragons and into the house to find Astrid, still dressed in armor with disheveled hair and a far-off look. Her braid was coming loose at the top and was heavily embedded with knots, worse than it normally was even after a long day's ride. She was in the kitchen, trying halfheartedly to roast some meat over an open flame. It was burnt so thoroughly already that the sort of meat was unrecognizable, and she kept it held over the fire all the same.

"Astrid?" Hiccup said as he edged his way closer to her. She looked up in a daze and for once didn't smile when she saw him. She shook her head, looked down at the charred meat and set it aside, blowing out the flames as she did.

"Hey, Hiccup." She said softly, breathing in and out hard once, quickly as if he wouldn't notice. He went over to her and laced his fingers in her hand from behind, resting his chin on her sharp, metal shoulder.

"What are you doing home early?" He asked. She turned her head slowly to meet his face. She leaned her forehead in to touch his and he could smell her hair, always like pine and smoke from flying low among the trees as Stormfly charred one or two just for fun. She opened her wide, beautiful eyes and looked into his, but they were bloodshot and swollen as if she'd been crying maybe an hour before. She was acting so strange.

"I don't know if we should talk." She forced a halfhearted smile. "I had hoped you'd be here last hour, but since then I've sort of calmed down."

"From what?" He asked. In their time together, he'd always seen her so strong. She'd cried, of course, she'd been weak in moments, but never so oddly without herself. Her mind seemed so far away and for once she was withholding from him. It was scary to him. Watching her hurt brought back memories of meeting Toothless for the first time or losing his father. It seemed as unbelievable and frightening to him as those times.

"Let's go to the bedroom." She said. Even as upset as she seemed, she was still so sure of what she wanted. Definitive and strong. He followed her without question.

She sat on the bed wordlessly and when after a moment she still didn't speak, he walked up behind her to help her remove her armor. She allowed him to help, knowing it wasn't sexual for once, but that her comfort was his first concern. She tossed her armor aside on the floor and wore only smallclothes. She slouched, unlike her, her fit stomach rippled into a haunched semi-circle and her defined breasts, near visible through what was left of her clothing, seemed swollen and awkwardly spaced. Hiccup had noticed them changing one day when he palmed one affectionately and felt its width surpassing the scope

of his grasp. He sat down beside her, a hand on her bare leg, when she finally spoke.

"I didn't tell you because I knew this could happen." She said to the floor, her voice steady and her eyes clear and calm. "I didn't want to worry you, you're chief now and I..." She let out another harsh breath. "I didn't want to bother you until it was for sure. But I haven't bled for two months and today I... I felt sick and I... and it came out. It was small, but I could..." She swallowed hard and turned her head to see his eyes. Hers were so full of distress that it made his heart clench. She was as much of his life as Toothless, as his own heart, and feeling her sadness was always just too hard for him. Her tears at his father's wake had hurt him as much as his own, and it had been his that caused hers to begin with. They shared grief and love without a moment's thought. She didn't cry when she finally spit it out. "It died, our baby died."

He didn't react. He couldn't. The thought of a baby at all had seemed much too unreal. She had known about this for two months and kept it silent? Of course this would be hard for her, but he would have to mourn something he never knew he had until it was lost. The emotion might come, surely, but now it all seemed too unreal. He stared blankly back at her, his thoughts only aroused by her shaking her head, burying her face in her hands and then standing up. She paced determinedly in front of him, gathering her nerves as she spoke. Her form was beautiful and he felt ashamed by the stirring it caused him to see her barely concealed breasts bouncing slightly as she walked.

"And I think it's a sign." She said as she twirled around in angry thought. "I can't give you a son and I would not make a good mom. I can't even protect the child inside of my womb, how can I raise one and bring him up to be like you? You need a ladylike wife, a wife with broad hips and a maidenhead that she won't surrender till marriage, and you..."

"Wait," he interrupted. She spoke much too fast and sounded so determined and strong. He could barely make sense of her words until this final nonsense. "I need a ladylike wife? With a maidenhead, Astrid," he shook his head. "I have your maidenhead. Yours, and I didn't need that, you gave me that. And I don't want..." she cut him off.

"I don't want a wedding out of honor. I did what I did because you deserved a lover and now you deserve a wife, so I'm just gonna go..." She snatched at the floor for her discarded armor, but he stood up and took her arm.

"You said you'd be my wife, and I asked you before we made love." He reminded her. She wrinkled her nose at the term and it made him smirk back. "I never thought about sons, not as much as I should have, but if I die and Berk needs a new chief, we'll pick someone else. If you can't give me a son, no one else will." She looked up innocently at him, almost not daring to believe him. She had to have known that she was just being rash, that he'd never leave her over this or anything else. She slowly wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled herself up to kiss him hard. He felt tears on his face and was reasonably sure they were hers, but despite her moist eyes she was fiercely kissing his lips. The tip of her tongue grazed gently along his lips and he was ashamed of the effect - here was his wife,

crying for his unborn son and the news was still such a far-off truth to him that her tearful kiss stirred an erection. She felt it against her before she could pull away and she reached down a hand to hold it. She used her strength effectively as she always did when giving it an enthusiastic stroke.

"I feel like I've failed as a woman today," she said, breathless, as she pulled away. He could still taste her mouth on his tongue and her affectionate touch was deepening his arousal. "Will you prove to me that I'm still all the woman you need?" She begged as she worked the lace of his breeches to free him. And he would prove it gladly, again, and again, for as long as she needed him to.

2. Wife

Hiccup never thought to protest whenever she took him to bed. She'd been as much a virgin as he was the first time they'd lain together and neither had lain with another since, but their confidence levels could not be more different. He'd learned, of course, to take charge every now and again, but mostly Astrid was determined and knew how to satisfy them both. He always surrendered control when she felt inclined to take it. This time, sensing her heartbreak and rare insecurity, he responded to her only with affectionate touches and didn't resist her, whatever she wanted to do. She had undone her braid and his laces and he absently fingered a knot in her still wind-blown hair while enjoying the feel of her lips. It felt wrong, at first, to savor the sensations when she had been so upset, but he remembered his promise to make her feel like a woman and leaned back to let himself enjoy her kiss.

Her custom was to fuck aggressively and impatiently. Today, she took her time. She kissed his shaft now, again and again, not even taking him in her mouth just yet and if it weren't for his concentration he could have finished already but as long as he remembered her rant from moments ago, how she nearly left him, he could hold back. Laying back, he pulled off his shirts and leaned into the pillow while she took his head in her mouth and sucked softly, making him inhale hard before she released him and came up to meet his mouth. She always kissed deeply. He loved her intensity, envied it, too, because even after all these years, his initiations were often more bashful unless she caught him in a particularly passionate mood. Astrid's passion never turned off. He let her push him down into the bed, her smallclothes still on, and press her lips so deeply into his that his heartbeat quickened. He would never tire of the soft comfort of her forceful kiss. She pressed her forehead against his and nuzzled his nose with her own, stopping for breath.

"I thought you were gonna leave me." She whispered, and kissed him again. He might have thought the same of her if he had lost his sense for even a moment, but seeing her look such a mess at the thought of failing him as a wife had only kept him grounded more than ever. She had always been the first to show affection, and always so sure that each move she made was just right, but now she had doubted herself and it made him realize how much their love meant to her. Pleasing him didn't come as easily as it always seemed, it was something she had striven for. And she had succeeded always.

"I won't," he said, "you're my wife. You will be." She kissed him deeply again and withdrew, biting his shoulder on the way down where

he liked her to, and his breath caught again. She passed his erection for once and removed his boot, his prosthetic, and his pants for easier access. First, she kissed him again, and then slid her tongue up from base to head and he shuddered before she slid her lips down his shaft, finally taking him in and rolling her tongue over the head as she bobbed down on him. He felt the wet warmth of her breath in her mouth, the soft, slow rotation of her tongue against his penis and he touched her head, guiding her gently as his hips inadvertently bucked toward her lips. She took him in deeper without struggle.

His wife. He rolled the word around in his mouth while she did the same with his dick. His wife. Until one of them dies, they will share this bed every day of their lives. Every night, if they so choose, they can make love like this. He'd be satisfied in her mouth forever, in her body, in her hands. it didn't matter. However she would take him, his pleasure would be all hers and as long as he had her perpetually tangled hair to wrap his hands in when things got intense, he'd want for nothing. His grip on it was tightening now as he tongued the word in his mind once again. Wife.

She reached up and grasped the base firmly with her hand, and worked him in sync with her mouth, and while his pleasure threatened to overwhelm his senses, he tried to push it back with rational thoughts. His wife. They would get married, they had planned this for months now. He would love her every day of the rest of his life, this was only one of a thousand nights he would fill up her mouth and it wasn't the first. He remembered the night he asked her to be his wife, how he had brought her here, held both her hands, and how her reaction was to, for the first time in either of their lives, drop to her knees and suck him off there on the spot before dragging him into the bedroom to beg him to take her maidenhead right then and there. Curious and innocent, he'd wanted nothing more than to please her and to feel a woman's body for the first time. His woman's body. He'd been a man in that moment, with a woman who'd agreed to be his own. She'd bled when he first thrust inside her, but had been brave and after one sharp gasp, begged him to do it harder. He remembered her youthful body on that day two years before, how she had worn her braid differently then, how her breasts had been smaller, her legs more slender and remembered how much he had loved her that night when he felt her tight wetness around him for the first time, squeezing and sliding against him until, moments later, he'd come deep inside of her. He looked at her now, older and different than then, and then realized what he hadn't thought possible - that he'd grown to love her even more.

"Astrid, I'm... out of the way..." but today she did not want to move. She sucked even harder and looked up with only her eyes into his, her eyelids open wide and her pupils focused, and if he wouldn't have come hard before, he did from her stare. She kept him tightly in her mouth while he finished, swallowing his pleasure as it flowed forth as she did so rarely. He let out an inadvertent groan when she drank the last of it and pulled away, a trickle rolling down her chin before she wiped it off and climbed up to bite his chest once again, and he untangled his grasp from her hair and touched her beautiful face. She looked back up at him almost in tears.

"Let me do it again," she begged him, and planted a kiss near his mouth, avoiding her usual kiss to spare him the taste of his own cum, but he pulled her in anyway, the desire for her lips overwhelming all other concerns. After kissing him twice, she pulled away and begged

more. "Please, let me do it again, let me swallow your cum..."

"Shh, shh, hang on." He said, shushing her and enveloping her in his arms. "We have a long time." He whispered, placing one hand on her back, rubbing a tense spot, while the other wrapped her up completely. "Let me just hold you right now." And she almost started to protest, but seeing the softness in his eyes, she could finally rest, reading the word that was at the forefront of his mind.

Wife.

3. Girl

Astrid cried in her sleep that night and Hiccup scarcely slept at all. Her bare breasts were pressed into his stomach and their legs were intertwined, the way they slept most comfortably, but her tears moistened his chest and he feared she would wake and cry on her own, not wanting to trouble him more, just as she hasn't meant to trouble him with her pregnancy until it was much too late.

The pregnancy started to weigh on his mind. A baby? He tried to think back and realized it had been a while since Astrid had had her moon's blood. Had he really not noticed since then that she had the prospect of motherhood on her mind? A wife she was, he had no doubt of that, but what kind of husband would he be?

His hunger overtook him near midnight and he had to sneak away. He kissed her deeply as he disentangled himself but she slept through it. He would be fast, he swore, and quiet. He entered the kitchen and found half a loaf of bread he had baked fresh two days past. He cut off a healthy-sized slice and chewed absently as his mind played with this idea of a pregnant Astrid.

He had made love to her, he realized, while she had a child and a secret in her. Many times he had, in fact. They made love almost every night as it was, but it had been more frequent even the last two months. He had imagined her troubled with the news but somehow, when he looked back at the last few months, she had been really happy.

He supposed that he would have been too. While a bastard child would not be best for any of them, the wedding date could be pushed up and, to save Astrid's honor, the village would agree to pretend it had been born premature. People would talk on their own of course, but no one would doubt that the child was conceived within what the gods surely viewed as a marriage by heart if not law. No one would call Astrid's child a whoreson. Her devotion to Hiccup had never been questioned before and it never would be.

If it were a boy, Hiccup thought, he would have an heir to Berk as his father before him. If it were a girl, though, he thought, she'd take after her mum. With eyes the most beautiful blue and shining platinum hair, with a fighting spirit, just how Astrid had always been. How nice it would be to have a beautiful, sexy young wife to hold tight in his sleep and a little girl who was only a sweet little version of her he could play with all day. Is that the child he'd just lost? Would she have worn a long, white-blonde braid and leaned into his chest when she cried? Did this daughter, the one in his

fantasy, already live and then die?

"Hiccup?" He heard a voice say. As he looked up at Astrid he realized he'd been holding his breath, that a tear was forming in his eye and he brushed it away, disguising it as an itch to avoid hurting her.

"You're awake." He observed.

"I woke and I thought you had left." Her voice broke and he shook his head.

"I was hungry, that's all." He said, approaching her. She started to well up with tears.

"I failed as a woman again, sending my husband to bed hungry." She let out a sob and her face filled her hands as he went up and held her tightly.

"An empty stomach but a satisfied cock," he teased her, "and I don't mind feeding myself.". She let out a sob that was partly a laugh in his shoulder and then sibved again. His hands found the space between her shoulder blades and rubbed it. " baby, what can I do?". Her voice muffled inside his shoulder she whispered.

"Let me try to give you a son." She sounded distraught, her fingers clutched at his small muscles and she thrust her pelvis toward him. "Let me bear you a strong son with brown hair and your brains, one just like you who'll be chief when you can't anymore.". He looked down into her blur eyes, watery with tears, and he saw the vision once again of those eyes on a tiny little girl, looking up to him with a letter headband like the one Astrid used to wear. He wouldn't admit how much he desired a daughter, but took her hand and her head and kissed her until, tearfully, she led him back to bed.

4. Heiress

They woke close together and moist from tears, sweat, and kisses. Hiccup's mouth was dry. He felt dehydrated from the exertion of the night before and wondered how much fluid he must have lost. Had he actually cried after she fell asleep or had that been a dream? How many times had she brought him to climax in the night? Four, he decided. About once every hour and a half when she woke herself up with her own tossing. She was stirring now and he pulled back the hair matted to her cheeks with dried tears. She opened her eyes as he did.

"Did you get enough sleep?" She asked. "I can fly Toothless today so that you can focus on work."

"Toothless will be all right," he smiled at her, "so will the village for now."

"Hiccup, you have to go to work." She protested. "You're the chief now, your job is important. They need you."

"Have you seen it out there?" He gestured emphatically with his left arm, the right still encircling her, "dreary, ugly, smelly, I'm not going out there." He wrapped his free arm around her and pressed his

forehead to hers. "No, I'm not leaving the girl in my bed for one second today." She giggled.

"Hiccup," she said, but merely shook her head gently to nuzzle her nose against his.

"Your chief has spoken." He joked. As if he'd order her around. She respected him so wholeheartedly that his leadership of the town was never a threat to their personal relationship dynamic in which she was very much naturally dominant. He never tried to control her and she usually took his advice. It was the perfect balance.

"Stormfly..." she began to protest.

"Will also be fine for a day. You need to relax." He kissed her playfully, repeatedly and felt her lips stretch into a smile as he did. When he finally stopped, he pulled back and looked into her eyes. They looked bright and moderately happy in spite of their redness and her smile came easy just now. Maybe it would be okay. "Astrid," he said. He had nothing more to say.

"You didn't leave me," she said.

"Did you really think I would?" He shook his head. "Astrid, there's never been anyone else. I didn't want the village girls, I didn't want some innocent girl with a maidenhead who'd run screaming from danger when I could have you. Brave, beautiful... I wanted you before I ever fought a dragon myself. And then when I met Toothless and you were the only one who would listen. Do you think some village girl can just replace that?"

"Well, I don't know," she said, smirking "I could replace you pretty easy."

"Well, of course, but that's on account of all the dragon-taming, utterly successful chiefs of Berk around." He nodded, "you know, all the other guys who were the first to ever see a Night Fury or ride a dragon, we're a dime a dozen." She giggled, then turned and leaned into his chest. Her expression wilted a bit.

"Hiccup, are you sad we're not having a son?" He was silent for a moment. He thought about her question, and realized he was, but that his mind was still on that wide-eyed little girl in his fantasy.

"What if it had been a daughter?" He asked her, lost in the dream and forgetting her question. He felt her shoulders shrug in his arms.

"Then we'd try again, but at least..."

"No," he cut her off, "what if we wanted a girl?" She gave an inquisitive look.

"Well, I'd love a girl someday, Hiccup, but we need an heir..."

"So, her mom would be a skilled dragon rider, a leader, adventurous, and her dad is pure viking ideal," he smirked down at her, "her parents were the first two vikings ever to ride a dragon, why can't

she be the first female chief? That's a lot less unlikely, I'd think." She was staring at him, examining his face. He watched her big blue eyes, the same ones he imagined on his daughter, slide curiously back and forth between his eyes, trying to find the glimmer of sarcasm in one or the other.

"You're serious?" She said.

"Why wouldn't I be?" He shook his head. "Please, Astrid, with women like you, and my mom... even like Ruff-Nut, though she may not be the best example, we know a woman can be as strong as a man, why can't she lead like one?" Her stare didn't break. She looked just as confused in a moment's silence.

"Maybe I was wrong." She said in a low voice, turning away to lean her head back into his chest.

"About what?" He stroked her hair cautiously.

"I couldn't replace you."

End
file.